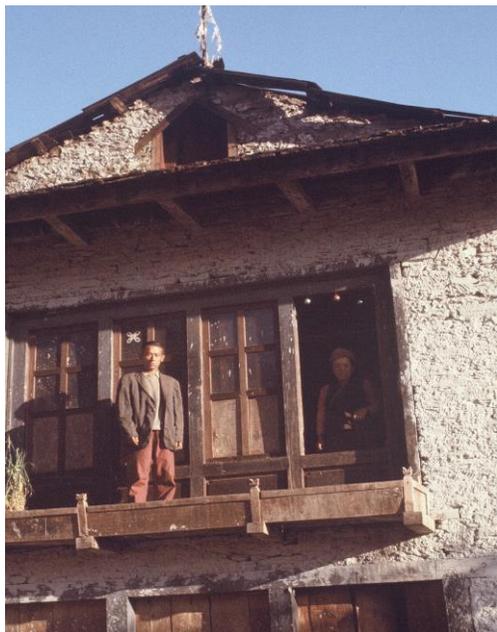


26 March The Eighth Day - Over the Dudh Kosi and on to Namche

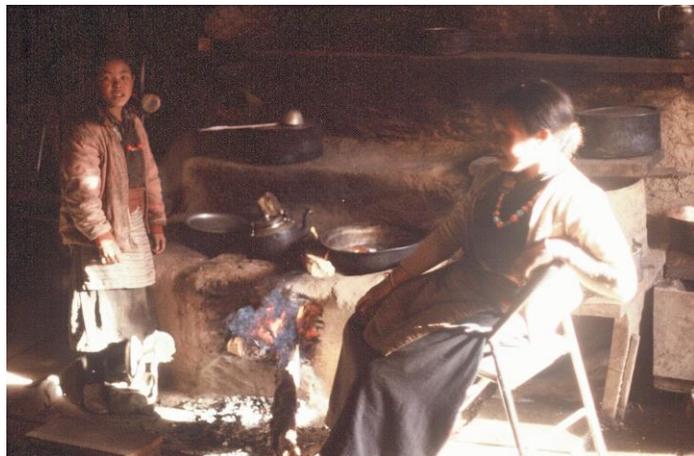


Above: father and mother watch their son continue on trek with an American they have graciously had in their home; and to the right of the parents, their home from a distance. Of note, the family cattle were kept on the ground floor of the main house and the family occupied the second floor.



Village of Mani Dingma just below my Sherpa's home and just above the Dudh Kosi River---notice my Sherpa taking pictures; he now knew how to use the Yashica GS Electra that had become his.

This bridge was just like it looks--
swaying, planks broken or cracked,
and an ice cold Dudh Kosi River
waiting below. Just beyond this
bridge is where I chatted with the
American couple and passed on my
ACE bandage for his wife.



At a rest stop/tea house, the "Blue Sky." The owner prepares food for
travelers and, of course, notice the tea pot. Also notice, no chimney.
If you look carefully at the picture above on the left, you'll notice a little
one holding the leg of one of his parents.

We have stopped for the night at a "motel" sitting on the side of an 18,000 foot massif. It was a totally tough day, particularly this last climb out to Kharte. The day featured two particular items of note.

I bathed (?) in the Dudh Kosi - ice cold water flowing down the valley from whence we goeth. It is the last of the big rivers that we'll cross on the way to Everest. Also, we're down to one porter, and he's loaded down pretty heavy. The second event concerns the American couple I met yesterday. We washed clothes and shared some lunch at the bridge that crosses the Dudh Kosi. I particularly enjoy this couple as they seem to really be (a) good old homespun "today" - type American couple. They speak of the trek in the same terms I do, seeing both the beauty and the "hell" of the trip. I gave the wife a nylon support as she's having some kind of problem with her foot around the ligaments of the ankle and the Achilles tendon. He's a paramedic and has just about everything they need medicine-wise, but the support sock is not as clumsy as an ACE. We climbed out to Kari Khola more or less together and rapped at a classic tea "motel" there. I snapped a shot of the sign that some American trekker had put outside. (this is the Blue Sky pictured above).

The market was in progress in Kari Khola, and we pressed on up the mountain starting at 1400 (2:00 PM), arriving at Kharti at about 1545 (3:45 PM). It's gotten cloudy now, having been mostly a beautiful, warm, sunny day. The days are moving quickly past, yet in my anticipation, they don't pass swiftly enough. The "up" and "down" drills my legs more and more each day, but the Lord will provide the strength I need. I am informed that we will make Lukla tomorrow - outstanding! Excellent progress.

I should mention that the porter has not arrived yet, and it is completely understandable. He bears a heavy load up a very steep mountain. Just so the record is kept straight, I have not had a bowel movement these last eight days - I'm not sure when it will explode, but when it does I certainly hope I'm in a semi-isolated area.